Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, December 20, 1917 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Christmas Greeting, 1917

I cannot find it in my troubled heart,
The Christmas rose that bloomed in
happier years.
The old, loved greeting has no place or part,
The "Merry Christmas" dies away in tears.

I cannot hear the happy Christmas bells,
Nor angel songs of peace. The heavens
are furled,
The earth become a hell of jangling bells.
Has God forgot his world?

I cannot spend the old, sweet words again
Till women tend their babes, and children
dance,
And men pursue the kindly arts of men
On the brave hills of France.

I cannot take the name of Christ in vain,
I cannot ask his blessing on the sword,
But I can trust the Prince of Peace to reign,
And I can wait the coming of the Lord.

Evelyn H. Walker

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1917 NUMBER 16

CHRISTMAS.

Ring, bells of Christmas, ring!
Sing, hosts of heaven, sing!
The world needs cheer.
Join, people, in the song,
Its happy strain prolong—
Let all men hear!
"Peace on the earth, good will."
Christ shall the hope fulfill—
For this was born
That Christmas morn.

Take up the cheering strain!
Sing it in sweet refrain,
Ye peoples, all!
Through clouds and storm today
The angels' voices say,
"Whate'er befall,
God reigneth still on high,
His kingdom draweth nigh—
The Christ is born
This Christmas morn."

Worcester, Mass. LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

Bishop Williams of the Episcopal Church has been to France and has come back, according to *The Christian Century,* to expose a "picayunish morality." He thinks that the war will call for a revaluation of the conventional moralities; that men who have faced death are not going to try longer to accept "the traditional apologies for sectarianism."

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, whose editorial on "The Civilization of Japan" we print on another page, has a book on the Japanese people, their civilization and their National ideals, just passing through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book bears the title, "Rising Japan," and has as a sub-title the question, "Is Japan a Menace? or is She a Comrade to be Welcomed in the Fraternity of Nations?"

The Christian Century, which represents the denomination that has sprung up around the teachings of Alexander Campbell and has so confused, at least outsiders, with the uncertainty and multiplicity of its names, is becoming more and more reconciled to the name "Disciples of Christ," leaving the title, "Christian Denomination," to that other branch of the church so allied to it that they have been constantly confounded in the minds of the worldly. This paper is anxious that the "Disciples of Christ" should not be confused with the "Church of Christ, Scientists," or with the "Christ Church, Episcopal," or with the "Advent Christian Church." From the UNITY standpoint this difficulty to keep up the boundary lines and preserve distinctions, apparent only to experts, is more than amusing, it is instructive and almost inspiring. Barbed wire cannot keep out good fellowship. The sense of brotherhood is crossing no man's land and uniting the trenches. What is happening every day on the battle lines of France is happening on the theological battle grounds of Christendom.

The prospectus for 1918 of *Contemporary Verse,* the All-Poetry Magazine for America, brings a realizing sense of the unique fertility of the remarkable poetry output of the American press. *The Sonnet, The Lyric, The Madrigal, The Poetry Review, The Minaret, The Colonnade, The Poetry Journal, Poetry, A Magazine of Verse, Poet Lore* and *The Midland* are titles of publications devoted exclusively to the fostering of poetry. This suggests a large increase of attention given to poetry by the leading cultural publications such as the *Literary Digest, Current Opinion, Reedy's Mirror,* etc., etc. Is the minstrel and the bard to regain his place in the cabinets of kings and the councils of warriors as in the olden days when the rude and barbaric forces of the world were awakening to art and supplanting curses with songs, discord with harmony?

The Community Forum for December is before us, an attractive magazine of thirty-two pages crowded with jubilant "Notes" and "Plans," prospects and promises. It has all the inspiration of a new movement. UNITY has watched its development with hopefulness and shared to a degree its enthusiasm. The present writer remembers the radiant hopefulness of the old time "Lyceum" which Emerson regarded as the rising growth of the secular pulpit in America. Then came the Chautauqua movement, branching into lecture schemes to conquer the world by platform assaults, then the "Grange," Prohibition, Suffrage, Singletax and Social Movements. And now comes the Forum Movement with the great strategic advantage of utilizing the empty churches on the largely unutilized Sunday evenings. Is this movement going to escape the ossification or incrustation that threatens and to a degree defeated its forerunners? Will it dare keep the door open? Can it foster frank discussions on hot questions? Miss Louisa Adams Grout in this number voices the hope and the expectation of many. She says:

The Forum means to me, as one of an audience, a meeting-place bright with many lights, warm with the nearness of throngs of human beings vibrant and eager for the mes-

sage which is coming from some leader and lover of his kind. The sense of being close to the heart of all humanity, in a crowd of tired, work-worn faces, softened now by an hour's forgetfulness of sordid toil; of sad faces lighted by faith in the dawning of a better day; of happy faces radiant with the consciousness of power wherewith to hasten the coming of that dawn.

It means to me, as an American, the farthest outpost yet reached on our long journey toward democracy, as truly the centre of our public life today as was the white steepled meeting-house facing the New England common one hundred and fifty years ago. It is the guillotine of the old order, the altar of the new.

It means to me as an executive, who has worked hard at organizing a forum, the most varied, taxing, stimulating, illuminating and satisfying job I have ever undertaken.

The great Chicago dailies support what are popularly known as "Religious Editors"; several of these "editors" are clerics in actual service. They exercise the editorial prerogative of *editing* the religious life of Chicago with the relentlessness of the autocratic censors they are. They eliminate whatever utterances may be made by preacher or action by church that does not conform to the militant spirit of the paper, or, in others words, is not in accord with the instructions they receive from headquarters. The Monday issues of these papers offer under more or less pretentious headings "what Chicago pulpits said yesterday." If a belligerent bishop declares for relentless push on battlefields, or a "popular" rector has hard words to speak of pacifists and still another martial follower of the Lamb ventures to discount the beatitudes and to justify the gospel of hate, the gloating religious editors pass on their utterances as precious morsels of piety for the nourishment of souls. And the unsophisticated reader, if there be any such left who still read the daily papers, is victimized by the false perspective, the wrong emphasis and the downright misrepresentation of the religious life of the community which these editing parsons affect to interpret. Time was, within the memory of the older settlers, when the Monday issues of Chicago papers demanded enlarged editions, and they were picked up at every station along every trunk line in the Mississippi Valley because they contained more or less extended and satisfactory reports of the utterances of the ablest preachers in Chicago pulpits on the preceding day. One such paper made itself a household necessity in thousands of homes for several years because it printed in full in its Monday edition the sermons of David Swing, which came fresh to the readers touched with classic refinement, poetic appreciation and religious faith. A Boston paper acquired a similar ascendancy over its competitors because it extended weekly the words of James Freeman Clarke, so benignant with wisdom, tolerance and love. If Jerusalem had supported one or more daily papers the Nazarene never would have been crucified on Calvary. The "organs" of the high priests and of the "Pilate administration" would have denatured his gospel of love and proven to the satisfaction of the crowd, as these Christian ministers in editorial chairs prove today to the dear people, that the Nazarene did not mean what he said about love and peace and brotherhood, or at least that his utterances were not to be applied until after election and after the Roman army had been conquered. To these censors even the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men," must not be exploited in too aggressive a fashion at Christmas time. A prudential church board objected to an electric display of this text lest it be misunderstood even during Christmas week.

These are the days of the merging of churches and the fusion of religious journals. Whether this surrender of life means death or metempsychosis is an interesting question which can only be settled by time. *The Advance,* once the far-famed and wide-flung organ of Congregationalism in the West, a valiant picket on the watch towers of orthodoxy, either conceals its death under the guise of a merger with the *Congregationalist* of Boston, or it had a spirit that could be transmitted in connection with its emaciated subscription list to the Boston publishing house. Our neighbor, *The Christian Century,* takes this last view of the situation. It says:

In the old days, *The Advance* was the champion of theological conservatism. In these happy days there has come a great unity of viewpoint and it is possible for one great paper to voice the Congregational attitude, which combines many elements of evangelicalism with a thorough-going intellectual freedom. The two papers could not have been combined unless the Congregationalists had grown in their thought to a point where such combination was both permissible and desirable.

It is evident that there is a tendency to reduce the number of religious newspapers. Nearly every society of the church has assumed that it must have a special organ, and, in many states there are state papers as well. The result is a multitude of small organs of special interests with none of them commanding the national field in an adequate way. Consolidation would give one journal many times the power of the separate journals. Of course consolidation is never desirable unless the interests of freedom and progress are safeguarded as we hope they may be among the Congregationalists.

This event represents the passing of the privately owned newspaper among the Congregationalists. The new journal will be put forth by the publishing house of the denomination. The evil of the commercial exploitations of privately owned companies are over for the brethren of the Congregational faith and order. This evolution will come at last in all the great religious bodies. It is not right that the spiritual culture of a great people should be subordinated to the selfish interests of commercialism.

Following along this line of procedure indicated by our neighbor, *The Unitarian Advance,* after eight years of a migratory life wandering from New York City to San Antonio, Texas, and back to Chicago, has passed over its mailing list to the *Christian Register,* and in this transference it announces that the *Christian Register,* like its neighbor, the *Congregationalist,* is to pass into the hands of the "denomination." It is soon to become the *official organ* of Unitarianism. This is a submission, if not a surrender, which would

have belied the proud claim of the editorial management of the *Christian Register* in its palmy days when T. G. Mumford, Charles G. Ames, and Samuel J. Barrows made its pages pithy, witty and prophetic. UNITY hastens to lay its sprig of green on the casket that contains the earthly remains of *The Unitarian Advance* and its older brother, the *Advance,* so many years the spokesman for orthodox Congregationalists. *The Unitarian Advance* labored faithfully and consistently to instill efficiency into an unorthodox Congregationalism. Slightly at variance in life may their spirits find peace and communion in death. The next fusion ought to be a wedding of the *Congregationalist* and the *Christian Register.* Why not? They have a common origin and let us hope a common destiny.

Winning the War by Exclusions

Three more gifted, successful, beloved Unitarian ministers have been compelled by compulsion more or less drastic to retire from pastorates otherwise congenial and prosperous, on account of their devotion to the cause of peace: Mr. Doan of Summit, New Jersey, Mr. Robinson of the Unitarian Church of Cincinnati, and Mr. Gebauer, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Duluth, Minnesota. The crime on the part of these three was the possession of an excess of faith in the power of love and reason to settle disputes between nations, as it is admittedly adequate to settle disputes between individuals. In none of these cases has there been any reflection upon the integrity, sincerity and acceptability of the services of these ministers. The discontent was with the attitude assumed by them in regard to the war. Of course there were resigning congregation members and cancelled subscriptions—the final justifications of church trustees to take drastic action. The treasury is too often the last court of appeal in church matters. The "Message" is condemned and the "Messenger" distrusted when a subscriber is dissatisfied and the subscription is withheld.

The case of the faithful minister in Duluth whose fifteen years of work there had knit him closely into the municipal affairs of the city is probably a typical case, and we are permitted to print his own interpretation of the situation.

I had to realize that I practically stood alone and that my congregation stood only so far for the gospel of Christ, as I conceive the same, as would not interfere with their special brand of patriotism. Gradually therefore my position here became anomalous and untenable; my congregations dropped to about half the usual size and the financial support in proportion. A good many of our friends, not in membership of the church, no doubt felt that it was their patriotic duty to withdraw their subscription to the church. Taking thus matters into sober consideration I concluded that it was best for me to resign not merely on my own account but for the good of the church. Though my action was heartily regretted by my people in the church, they no doubt all felt that under existing conditions I did the right thing. It is hard for us to leave Duluth, where we labored for nearly ten years, but I have at least the great satisfaction that I never had a bitter word with anyone here and that I am going away with the good will and respect of everyone in my congregation and community. My work ended here with the last day in October, but business matters, disposing of my property, have detained me and I shall not be able to leave here before Friday before Christmas. My wife and I are going to Cincinnati for the winter. We shall make our home at 517 W. Eighth Ave.

I shall of course not even try to get another parish, as a Christian minister, especially if he happens to have German blood in his veins, is hardly wanted in any Christian church today. I hope though that I shall be able to do some preaching occasionally as supply and also do some lecturing. I have considerable number of literary and other lectures which I have presented with considerable success.

This patriotism by exclusion seems to be more rampant and effective in the pedagogic than it is in the ecclesiastical world. Miss Georgiana Youngs of Powell, way out in the free air of Wyoming, was asked to resign her position as teacher in the High School the other day because she disbelieved in war as a method of settling international disputes in this Twentieth Century of the Christian Era. The local paper, *The Powell Leader,* has the following to say about it.:

No charge of disloyalty or un-Americanism is held against the teacher but under the trying circumstances in which the country is found her teaching was objected to as a hindrance. She is regarded as a consciencious believer in the pacifist propaganda and so sincerely in earnest that she could not consent to any sidestepping her ideals or consent to suppress her opinion on this question.

There is the very best of feeling mutually between the board and Miss Youngs and some of the members are very close friends of the teacher.

The school board in New York City seems to have set up a more efficient censorship than any other board that has come to our attention. Winthrop D. Lane of the editorial staff gives a page to the New York exclusions in the *Survey* for December 1. Nine teachers in the DeWitt Clinton High School were arraigned; three suspended without pay and six transferred. Charges are pending against others. One is accused of not adequately developing "instinctive respect for the President of the United States as such, the Governor of New York as such and other federal, state and municipal officers as such." Another teacher is accused of believing that patriotism should not be discussed in schools, that soldiers in uniform should not be permitted to address students and of opposing military training in schools. A third is charged with maintaining an attitude of neutrality in class discussions. But we have no room for specialization. Enough has been offered to bring the question to the clear. Doubtless church trustees as well as school boards have a right to pass on these questions, and the *right* promptly passes into a *duty.* We only deplore the mistaken judgment and regret the superficial character of the Christianity that so distrusts free thought in schools and so discounts the potency of love in the church. Waiving the question of the right, as a matter of experience it is a poor way to uphold democracy. The school room where a beloved teacher

is dismissed for opinion's sake is fertile soil to grow defiant radicals and youthful anarchists.

The present writer traces his first conscious escape from the neighborhood prejudice against the Irish, which obtained in the settlement in the clearing, when a beloved teacher was spoken ill of because she was suspected of having Irish blood in her veins, was known to "keep company" with a successful Irish schoolmaster. Because of the faith held in the teacher the prejudice against the Irish was ameliorated. Where, if not in the schoolroom, is the open mind to be fostered; where, if not in the church, is the forgiving spirit, the hunger for brotherhood to be tolerated. We hear of a publisher who excludes from a prospective school reader an appreciation of Sebastian Bach, the great musician, because he was a German. Another editor of a set of school books asks for the privilege of inserting into the reader extracts from the chapters on "Why Love England," "Why Love France," and "Why Love Italy," from "Love for Battle Torn Peoples," but the censorship of the publishers would blue-pencil a companion passage from "Why Love Germany."

When Charles V, champion of Catholicism, stood in the presence of the grave of Luther the anathematized, and was urged to disinter the bones and consign them to the flames, he replied, "I war with the living and not the dead." How sad is the patriotism that links in one condemnation Goethe and Kaiser Wilhelm, wages war with Schiller and with impotent rage would mutilate the dictionary, desecrate history, mar the map and confuse the nomenclature of streets.

Where does loyalty end and disloyalty begin in the realms of art, literature, language, morals and religion? Wherein does loyalty to America consist? Are the Constitution and By-Laws maintained by the elimination of suggestion and a desire to amend and improve? Sixteen times did Congress find it desirable to amend the Constitution. At least two other pregnant amendments are pending at present. Does loyalty to that document imply a belief in its infallibility?

How is loyalty to the President to be maintained, by a suppression of suggestion and by making criticism a crime? President Wilson, himself said before election that he wanted to know what the people of the United States were thinking and talking about around their firesides. The present writer has personal recollections of presidents reaching from Buchanan to Wilson. Have they been immune from criticism and above suggestion or incapable of making mistakes? Wherein does loyalty to democracy stop short of loyalty to the ideal as it glows in the minds of the noblest, flames in the hearts of the sincerest and dares fare forth to heights unrealized or methods untried? It may yet appear that the saddest triumph of the Kaiser lies in the way he has succeeded in projecting the philosophy of Treitschke and Bernhardi into the democracy of the United States, the fundamental characteristic of this philosophy being a belief that the ultimate power of government lies in armies and that the final court of appeal must be force.

Alas, if this war, instead of ending in humiliation and confession, should end in a renewed faith in war, or at least a renewed obeisance and concession to war methods and war lords!

The cause of justice, the triumph of the United States and loyalty to the "Stars and Stripes" comes not by exclusion but by inclusion, not by shutting the mouths of the lovers of men and liberty, but by teaching all men, government officials and church trustees, to hear all sides, to fear only insincerity and to suppress only hypocrisy.

Emerson well says, "The devil trembles when God lets loose a thinker on the earth." Only devils need fear the influences set loose by thinkers. The remedy for whatever mischief may be wrought by thinking is more thinking. The ultimate solution of all wars comes finally through negotiation, solicitation and reference to competent courts of arbitration.

The signs are auspicious, the time to begin such solicitation is near at hand, and whoever delay the solicitation and conference a single day, much precious blood, mountains of treasure and millions of heart-aches will be on their hands.

The determination to win the war by battlefield conquests at any cost and at all hazards is to rest in the philosophy of the brute. The attempt to end the war through negotiation and conciliation is the way divine indicated by beckoning angels. Much ground has already been lost to civilization, hearts have been devastated, souls have been desecrated as well as the treasures of art and architecture despoiled. Let the defamation of Christianity cease. Let all parties as promptly as possible begin the holy work of restoration, not only of the outward homes and shrines so dear to peace, but the higher reclamation of ideals, the purification of hearts, the chastening and sanctification of the will to the Christly ideals and the divine invitations.

Although Alfred had arrived at the age of twenty-one years he showed no inclination either to pursue his studies or in any way adapt himself to his father's business.

"I don't know what I will ever make of that son of mine," bitterly complained his father, a hustling business man.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Civilization of Japan

Many persons in Europe and America find it hard to believe that Japan is a civilized land, at least in any such sense as applies to England or France or Germany or the United States. Why is this so? Is it not because Japan is located in Asia?

Europeans have long looked down upon Asia with a strange arrogance and semi-contempt, as if her peoples were inferior, as if her place in the world's civilization and the world's achievement were insignificant. But what are the facts?

Asia is the mother-continent of the world. She is the mother of the world's most important races, including the races of Europe; she is the greatest mother of nations; she is the most important mother of languages; she is the mother of the alphabet and of letters; she is the mother of astronomy and navigation and mathematics and most of the arts and industries of the world; she is the mother of civilization, giving to the world its first great centers of enlightenment, many centuries before any part of Europe had emerged from barbarism; and when civilization began to penetrate Europe it was from Asia that it came. What is important, also, Asia is the mother of religions. All the world's great historic religious faiths are of Asiatic origin, not one arose on any other continent. Europe herself received both her Christianity and her Bible from Asia. Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Paul and Jesus were all Asiatics. Where then is there any ground for Europe's pride and arrogance when comparing herself with Asia?

If Japan were in Europe, and if we were accustomed to think of her people as belonging to our own so-called "white" race, we should not hesitate a moment to assign her a high place among civilized nations.

As a fact, she probably is related to our own white Aryan race as distinctly as to any of the races that we call brown or yellow; for the best scientific authorities are now telling us that an important part of her blood is unquestionably Aryan. Still she has also Mongolian blood, and so our prejudice continues. Will our prejudice still continue when we learn, as our scientific investigators tell us we are likely soon to learn, that probably all of us, and all other Europeans, have Mongolian blood in our veins?

Some of us think of Japan as being very young, and of such civilization as she possesses as being very new, because we have been acquainted with her so short a time. But the truth is she is older than any present day nation of Europe, and her civilization goes far back.

She seems young to us because throughout most of her history until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when our Commodore Perry compelled her to open her ports to the trade of the western world, she had gone her own way, lived her own life, developed her own civilization according to her own ideals and her own genius, and maintained little intercourse with any countries except her neighbors, China and Korea.

Within the past sixty years, indeed, mainly within the past fifty years, she has passed through a revolution which I think may justly be declared as remarkable as anything in the history of the world. She has not *become* civilized; she *was* civilized *before*. What has happened is, she has opened all her doors to a *new form* of civilization—the civilization of Europe and America—not to *supplant* her own, but to *supplement it*, to take from the new what seemed to her of most value, and with that enlarge, carry forward and enrich her own. It required a strong and a great people to plan such an advance, such a transition, such a revolution, and carry it out, holding themselves steady, meanwhile, never being submerged, never being carried off their feet, never proving false to their own civilization or their own historic genius, and never losing or laying aside their own ideals, throughout all the long and trying transition period. That is what Japan has done.

New York City. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Discussion of Peace in War Time

It has often been urged that in war time there should be no discussion of peace. Every energy should be directed toward the dismemberment of the foe. In one sense this is true. Discussion that looks backward, however just or truthful, may tend to obstruct activities rather than to clear the air. But no modern war is conducted for its own sake. At the worst, its final aim is some sort of peace. And to determine what this peace shall be is the highest duty of the nation at war. The "terms of peace" outweigh in importance all military strategy. Without clear vision and long foresight the final settlement is bound to be an aggregation of blunders. Most peace treaties in history have been wretchedly adjusted, carrying with them the seed of future wars. The treaties of Vienna, Versailles, Frankfort and Berlin in the last century are distressing examples of what should not be done. As also are the treaties of London and of Bucharest within the present decade. Each of these was unjust and not statesmanlike because each was "the outcome of a political vision obscured by victory, or by fear, or by historical resentment or cupidity, sheer ignorance and stupidity unchecked by public opinion prepared for sane discussion." Though "decisive" in a military sense, the wars which these treaties brought to an end in reality settled nothing. D. S. J.

CORRESPONDENCE

From a Massachusetts lady:

Enclosed find stamps for four copies of November 18. The article on the Y. M. C. A. Drive is so important and so pertinent for the times that I long for the means to send hundreds of copies where it should be read, as well as the whole contents of the UNITY weekly. I have the pleasure and profit of reading my daughter's copy weekly. It comes regularly to our home.

From a Vermont Unitarian minister:

I am reading UNITY these days with great pleasure. I appreciate greatly the fact that one paper is speaking out that which our time needs so much in order that the world may be held to that which is just and true, humane and godlike. May nothing hinder you and yours in the good work. I am sure that many are with you in your efforts.

From an Independent minister in Massachusetts:

Your paper is the only religious paper that I can read these days without saying ———. Thank you.

From a well known author, interpreter of science and student in several university centers in Europe:

UNITY has stood like a rock amid all the swirling floods of the world's madness, and will be one of the foundation stones upon which the new world order of internationalism will be built. I feel that it is a privilege to be associated with you in this great work for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

From a reader in far away Western Canada:

I cannot resist accompanying this renewal order with a word of appreciation for your editorials, and commendation for your paper; of the many publications which come to my table, UNITY seems to be the only one which has not an accute attack of the rabies, and I want you to know that even away out here on the Northwestern Prairies there is one,—and I believe many—who sympathizes with the attitude you have assumed and maintain. I realize that none but brave souls can so conduct themselves, under prevailing conditions.

I notice the good old *Saturday Evening Post* through a leading editorial in issue of December 8th calls you and me and all those who with us are neither Pro-Fight, or Pro-German, "Yellow Dogs"; oh, well, never mind, there are advantages as between a nice yellow dog and even a great Dane, if the latter has hydrophobia! As a matter of fact the finest dog I ever owned was mostly yellow. He was my companion for ten years and during that time I never heard him get a cross word from any one, or have a fight; his expression and attitude made the coarsest man whom he met, his friend, and as for dogs, well those who did not seem to be friendly, or put up a growl, he simply ignored, and yet no one ever thought of calling that dog a coward. I try to love all men, but honestly I loved that dog better than some men I have known, just could not help it, he was more lovable, but he was yellow.

I trust you may have an ever broadening influence as time passes, and that our countrymen (and I mean by that as did William Lloyd Garrison, "all mankind") will soon learn to distinguish true patriotism from the loud mouthings of those who would be popular or accumulate money, such as Samuel Johnson said, "took to patriotism as a last refuge," and whom he characterized as "Scoundrels."

It is for us, the "Yellow Dogs," to pray that "this scourge of war may speedily pass away," but if God wills that it continue until all of the wealth accumulated through avariciousness be dissipated, and all the blood generated in prideful lust and intellectual slothfulness be spilled, let us be brave enough to say with Abraham Lincoln, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

CHRISTMAS, 1917.

If dark clouds seem to hover low
  And Christmas cannot "Merry" be;
If time and circumstance forbid
  Our wonted, well loved jollity;
Yet know, life's values still endure,
  The "Star of Hope" still shines above
And "Peace on Earth" may sometime come
  Through our abiding faith and love.

W. K. H.

THE PULPIT

Robert Collyer; A Preacher in the Sunshine

A Study of the new Two Volume, "Life and Letters" by John Haynes Holmes

Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 2, 1917.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

Help us, Father, to feel the radiance that comes to us through the enkindling lives, the kindly faces and the warm hearts of thy chosen ones. Help us to realize that thy sun shines on the darkest days, that beauty abides at the heart of things when times are most turbulent and when nature seems ill at ease. Help us to feel things permanent, to rejoice in things that endure. We would abide in the tabernacle of the Most High where dwelleth forever things that are true and of good report, things that are just and full of mercy. Amen.

The handsome two volumes, "Life and Letters of Robert Collyer," recently issued from the press of Dodd, Mead & Company, is a fitting provocation for a Sunday morning sermon. These volumes were prepared by Mr. Collyer's old time colleague and present time successor, my friend and the friend of all of us, John Haynes Holmes.

I would this morning like to bring back a little of that radiance which was shed abroad in Chicago for twenty years. Mr. Collyer in those prophetic days put Chicago on the map of the thoughtful, the loving and the loyal. There were giants in those days in the city by the lake. Many names then familiar have become historic. In that list there is none more radiant than the name of Robert Collyer. His story is rich from whatever angle you may approach it. He was big in body, big footed, big boned, big headed and big hearted, ample in digestive and breathing capacity. His was a long life, full of incident and poetry. His spirit was loath to depart at the very threshold of four score and ten years. His life was full of virility, patience, openness and outgiving clear to the very end.

Geographically, socially and intellectually this life had wide range, reaching from Yorkshire to Chicago and beyond, from the dusty, unsanitary child-crushing life of the English cotton mills of a century ago to college halls and the rich man's table. Eight times he was permitted to return to the scenes of his childhood, preserving to a remarkable degree his old acquaintances, renewing his old loves and making new ones. His itineraries across the seas in due time carried him beyond the confines of his beloved England into the art life and centers of Europe.

Mr. Collyer deserved the title of a "working man." He earned the confidences of the horny-handed laborers. From eight to thirteen years of age he was a mill child, working thirteen hours a day for five days a week and eleven hours on Saturday. At fourteen he rose out of the mill into a seven-year apprenticeship at the blacksmith's craft. The better air and the vigorous exercise straightened, as he thought, the leg that had already been bent by the premature burdens of the cotton mill. For six years he was a master workman in a smithy at Ilkley, England. For eight years more he was a hammer maker in a suburb of

Philadelphia, then known as Shoemakertown, but which now has taken on the more mystic and classic name of Ogontz, the home of Bryn Mawr College. He graduated out of this smithy into his higher ministry, twenty years of which were spent in Chicago. Thirty-three more years were left him for his New York ministry. For sixteen of these years he occupied the full pastorate of a fashionable, prosperous, and spite of his heresies, popular church. For the seven remaining years he was an active, radiant pastor emeritus with such famous colleagues as Minot J. Savage and John Haynes Holmes, his biographer.

This physical life ranging through such an area of time and space has its full parallel in the spiritual life. He was the child of orphan parents who had been early consigned to the institutions England provided in those days for children bereft of father and mother care. The father was put in an orphan asylum in London, the mother became the member of a workhouse group in Norwich. From these institutions the little boy and girl were taken at the age of eight and nine respectively up into Yorkshire to become operatives in the new mill enterprise developed alongside of available water power.

Mr. Collyer used humorously to say to his children that their family tree never reached beyond a family *bush*. They could go no farther back than their grandparents. His grandfathers on both sides were sea-captains and apparently the sea claimed its own in both cases.

Notwithstanding all this Robert Collyer insisted that he was well bred through the trusteeship of hard years and a stern but loyal and loving home. The father was the blacksmith of the mill in which he grew up and to which trade he gave his first born son Robert. Robert had a bit of schooling. He mastered the three r's, won the verdict that he was a dullard in arithmetic but early became enamored of books. The thrifty mother withdrew him from the first "dame-school" because she objected to paying his tuition with her hard earned pennies, while the little lad was compelled to further pay his way by peeling potatoes. In order to win a master's school the little boy was heroic enough to walk two miles to and from school.

During his hard working years he was caught in the fervor of the Wesleyan movement, became a class leader, a local preacher. In this country he would be known as a circuit-rider but there he was a circuit-walker. His appointments demanded oftentimes a walk of a dozen miles or more on a Sunday morning before he reached the audience which was generally waiting for him in some kitchen of the country side. Into this life came the loving intrusion of a gentle bride who at the end of twelve months died and left him with an orphan babe in his arms.

His father and mother had yearned for America, but panics, small wages and a growing family never brought them within reach of the required passage money. Now America or Australia beckoned the husky blacksmith and stalwart young lay preacher. For psychical, not physical, reasons the United States won him. Leaving behind him for the time being his motherless boy in the care of the benignant grandmother, with his new bride he landed in New York at twenty-seven years of age, with $20 in his pocket. He had read everything about America he could lay his hands on but he knew no one.

Three surprises cheered him on his arrival. They threw rays of light on his path which at least in the retrospect might almost be called a radiance. These surprises relieve the ever darkening cloud which the United States has been throwing over the immigrant.

On the wharf he was cheered by hearing the unmistakable voice of a Yorkshireman who had come to the pier in search of customers, and he proved a wise friend and counselor as well as an honest landlord.

That night his wife was sick. He must find a drug store. The druggist engaged him in conversation while preparing the prescription. Meanwhile the emigrant was wondering whether the prophecy of some of his friends was to prove true. Was he to find himself in the hands of the sharp American who never lost an opportunity of fleecing the newcomer! "What is the price?" was asked, perhaps with ill concealed anxiety. The answer came, "You are very welcome. Keep your money. You will need it. If you stay in New York come and see me again." This was surprise number two.

He had read of Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love." The name attracted him. A large portion of the twenty dollars was spent in going hither. The morning after his arrival he sought the "advertisements" in the local paper. He read: "WANTED—*A blacksmith in hammer-making shop.*" The shop was in a suburb eight miles out. Leaving his wife behind him he swung out afoot. A gentleman in a carriage overtook him and said, "Are you going far?" "I am going to Shoemakertown, sir."

"Quite a way yet. It is a hot day, get in and ride." This was the third surprise.

Forthwith he fell to his work. It was piecework. He soon became a master workman in the shop. Twelve dozen claw-hammers a day was his stint. He was earning double the money working nine hours a day that he had earned in England working thirteen hours a day.

Of course his circuit preacher's certificate from the old home land was soon picked up by the Methodists of the neighborhood. One day he was asked to lead in prayer, an invitation which was welcomed, but he was dismayed when on the way home a brother said, "You may have made a good prayer but no one could understand you. You must learn to talk English in America." So here was a new task of acquiring the English language with American accent before he could deliver his message.

Meanwhile the mutterings of political discontent and the heroic agitations of reformers fell upon his sensitive ears. Anti-slavery agitations were rife. He noted with pain that in the Methodist gatherings nobody prayed for freedom and that the cause of the colored man was never plead from the pulpits within his reach. Even in the Methodist meeting house colored men must flock apart in the gallery, or out in the yard.

In this perplexity one of the many radiant lives in America cast its benignant influence over him. Lucretia Mott, whom to see was to love and to hear was to be persuaded, somehow found him, and the home of Lucretia and James Mott became a shelter, a haven and a council chamber to the blacksmith exhorter.

Through them he was introduced to the venerable Dr. Furness, a classmate of Emerson, the much honored pastor of the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia and a man to be reckoned with.

Of course these intimacies and leadings brought him under the suspicion of his Methodist brethren. They watched him. At last there came a reluctant petition asking him not to speak on slavery if he would retain his certificate. This was followed by another petition asking him to use his freedom and speak his whole heart. He was surprised to find some names on both petitions. Evidently they had changed their minds.

About this time Dr. Furness, who had been his good angel in lending him books and discussing his reading, was asked to go to Cincinnati to perform the marriage ceremony of another friend of ours Moncure D. Conway, of international fame. Dr. Furness asked the blacksmith preacher to occupy his pulpit while he went down to Cincinnati to do this service for a neighbor minister. He left word behind with the trustees that he would like very much to stay another Sunday. They were to let him know how the blacksmith did and whether they could stand another Sunday. The telegram went Monday morning saying: "Stay by all means, your blacksmith was very interesting."

When Dr. Furness came to the delicate problem which always perplexes a minister, as to what to do with the proffered fee after marrying a fellow clergyman, he said: "I will take nothing for myself, but I will take your money and turn it over to the blacksmith who occupied my pulpit last Sunday." This was the first Unitarian money earned by the man who was to enjoy so large a place in the confidence and councils of the Unitarians.

In his eight years as Methodist circuit preacher in the suburb of Philadelphia he received several pecks of apples, some household necessities and no end of teas and dinners. But a Baptist Church which asked him to fill their pulpit for three Sundays gave him a ten dollar bill for it.

About this time Dr. Furness received a communication from the First Unitarian Society of Chicago, which had caught the spirit of Dr. Tuckerman in Boston,—the man who was the Jane Addams of applied religion before Jane Addams was born, who organized the ministry-at-large in Boston. That movement spread to other cities and the First Unitarian Church in Chicago, in about 1859, cast about for some one to come and do the "settlement" kind of work before settlements were dreamed of.

Dr. Furness called the blacksmith in. He said, "I want to have you consider the matter, talk it over with your wife and if you are willing I will get you the job." The blacksmith said, "I do not need any time. My decision is made. I will go and am sure mother will be willing." And go they did and come they did. Chicago welcomed the Yorkshire blacksmith because he was willing to tackle a hard and new job.

Collyer's first ministry was to the poor. He anticipated all our "Settlements" and our Abraham Lincoln Centre. This is his account of it to a Methodist brother under whom he was converted, now preaching in Canada. He said:

> My work is devoted to the poor—to their help in every possible way. I have a school for poor children on Sundays where I teach them all they can learn and reward them with clothes, shoes, flower seeds, etc. I have a night school in winter, free, and eight teachers; a day school in winter, also. Then I get homes in the country for poor destitute children, where they are taught some useful craft and are well schooled and started in life. I get places for hopeless men and women, and start them in life again after they have fallen down in despair. All the publicans and harlots are members of my parish—when all the churches turn them out and they are lost to society I am here to help them to themselves and to God. I visit prisons and get the deserving, or those that desire to do well, into good places when they come out, or if it is better, get them out. No doubt I am busy—just as I sit down to write this I have been out (9 at night!) to get a poor woman an extension on two pawn tickets—to read and pray with a young man in consumption (preached his funeral sermon since) and to buy meat, bread and sugar for a woman quite sick and destitute, with a drunken husband. I am kept going by the Unitarian Church, a very rich society for which I have been preaching in the lack of a pastor for eight weeks. I need not be other than a Methodist to be their minister-at-large, but I am from conviction on the liberal side. We have started a new church in which I am preaching—I will tell you more about it as it grows. At present they are about to build a new church and expect me to be the pastor. If it be that I have to give up my present grand field among the poor, I shall think twice about it, and not accept afterwards. . .
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> Last night I went to Methodist meeting but it was no use; I must find in my own heart and in all divine inspiration everywhere that which I need.
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> . . . . . .
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> In your quiet parsonage how different I think it must be to the hurly-burly of this great western city. I took tea one evening with a lady yet young who remembered when there was but a small settlement near a block-house. Now we have 135,000 inhabitants and no end of building. You are a Wesleyan from conviction, else I would try to tempt you here. The pulpit tone is not high; we need good strong men—a city growing like ours needs the strongest.
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> . . . . . .
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> Last week three fugitive slaves were enticed away from us. There is much indignation, and if the men who got them away are caught they will be handled severely. A sad place for drinking; about 1200 saloons are in full blast. I see a great deal of the sin from my position—it is at times very disheartening, but I know I am doing good, so shall "learn to labour and to wait." I was never quite satisfied with merely preaching to those who are only theologically bad, but always longed to get at some genuine sinners, some lost sheep. I am in the midst of them now.

The First Unitarian Society, like the other denominations, had received from the city of Chicago the real estate upon which it built free of charge. This prosperous and historic society regarded the gift as a contribution to the denominational life of the city and they felt that the time had come when there ought to be another Unitarian Church on the North Side and that the mother church ought to establish it, thus dividing its bounty with them. The ten men who held the first meeting bore names that are interwoven with whatever is heroic and progressive and liberal in the future of Chicago. These men asked the South Side missionary to take provisional charge until they could find a suitable man to occupy the important desk. The audience, enthusiastic and growing from the start, was shot through and through with college graduates, men and women from the circles of highest culture in the East. They thought they could temporarily do with this minister-at-large. After an apprenticeship of a few months the missionary called the friends together and said in effect:

"You are now ready to look for the big minister. Release me that I may go back to my work."

But they said, "You are good enough for us. Stay until we weary of you."

The preacher hesitated. He asked for advice. Finally it was agreed to submit the matter to a committee of four leading Unitarian ministers in the country. The committee consisted of Dr. Eliot of St. Louis, Dr. Hosmer of Buffalo, Dr. Bellows of New York and James Freeman Clarke of Boston,—all of them of blessed memory. The committee agreed that it would be safe to try out Collyer, the blacksmith, as pastor, with the understanding that if the church outgrew him he would retire with no ill feeling.

Thus began the career that for twenty years made Robert Collyer clearly the most conspicuous man in Chicago pulpits. During these years came the war into which he threw himself with great fervor. He was pioneer and leader in what we now would call the Red Cross work.

When a cyclone tore through the Iowa prairies and devastated Cedar Rapids, the Chicago Board of Trade organized its relief corps, furnished it with generous money and sent the party in charge of Mr. Collyer. When the Sanitary Commission was formed, he was vice-president for the Mississippi Valley. When a special train was to be sent to the front in the wake of a great battle Mr. Collyer accompanied it to soothe the wounded and comfort the dying. Between times he would rush back to tell the story to his people and to increase the output.

Meanwhile the little five thousand dollar church with a seating capacity of perhaps three hundred, was being outgrown. Plans for a more beautiful church that would cost sixty thousand dollars were being developed, but the big hopes doubled the cost and the great and beautiful church was left with a big, big mortgage. Then came the fire. Collyer was in the limelight. Standing mid the ruins of his church, preaching to his scorched parish made him the admired and the loved hero preacher throughout the world. He had fallen upon disaster but as ever he had fallen into good luck. Large streams of benevolence poured through his hands. A few days after the fire a generous Bostonian asked the privilege of assuming his salary for a year. English friends found that he mourned the loss of a beloved library, particularly the books rich in Yorkshire lore and Ilkley records. A London "M. P." asked him if he could furnish a list of the lost treasures. "How could I forget them!" By the time the new church was to be dedicated there came the boxes of books from England. Later editions, more elegantly bound and more of them than had been burned. He had been well on the way towards housing wife and little children in a home of their own, but it was in ashes. A lecture bureau made him a flattering offer. He laid the proposition before his board of trustees. They said, "We will give you six months leave of absence. Go build your home with your tongue." The thing was literally accomplished. His itinerary reached from Penobscot to St. Paul and beyond. Speaking every night he earned sufficient funds to build a better house than he had ever dreamed of owning.

Thus things went on for another ten years, then came "calls," twice, to occupy the big vacancy in Boston caused by the death of Theodore Parker. He had the good sense to decline. Two more calls came from Brooklyn to the pulpit which was afterwards so well filled by John White Chadwick. A call came from the Church of the Messiah, New York City. It was in bad straits. The architect had dealt with the New York Society as the Chicago architect had dealt with the Chicago brethren and left the New York church with a back-breaking debt. Collyer declined the first time, but two or three years afterwards, when the call came a second time, he gave in and broke ties that were supposed to be lifelong.

Perhaps no minister in American life left more painful wounds in the hearts behind him than did Robert Collyer when he went to New York. Here again he fell, but fell upward, fell into greater conspicuousness and more prosperity, bigger audiences and wider fame. He was fifty-eight years old when he went there. He continued in full control of that exacting church for sixteen years and then, as I have already hinted, he had another fifteen years to live as a royal *pastor emeritus*. From habit as well as from choice he was a regular attendant at his church to the end. He generally conducted the opening service and in later years if he could do no more than read the hymns he did that. By his side in his pulpit stood such men as Minot J. Savage and John Haynes Holmes.

Perhaps no Protestant minister speaking the English language was so widely known and so well beloved as Robert Collyer at the time of his death. His fellowship ranged from the Catholic girl in Chicago who begged him to take her dollar to help rebuild his church, up to Canon Freemantle of Canterbury, who entertained him royally. Between these were the names most notable in American and English literature: Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Emerson. He hobnobbed with multi-millionaires. He talked philosophy with Martineau, literature with Emerson, was hugged by Father Taylor, the Methodist Shakespeare of the Boston sailors, whose biographer he ultimately became. He wrote also the story of A. H. Conant, the "man in earnest," who sowed Unitarian seed in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. He championed the woman's cause with Lucretia Mott, he preached the funeral sermon of Peter Cooper, interpreted the work of Mrs. Gaskell and told the story of Charlotte Bronte to thousands of glad listeners.

Notwithstanding all this he was hardly a public leader. He seems to have been so full of radiance that he could not if he would concentrate himself with any great intensity upon any one movement. His was one of the voices always welcomed by the Free Religious Association, which was at the time largely a secession from the Unitarian denomination. He was also a confidant of the most conservative end of the American Unitarian Association, which always guarded the conservative lines of the Unitarian movement.

In the days of the Western issue, which was one of the "tempests in the Unitarian washbowl," his sympathies were with the radicals. When the A. U. A. proposed to leave off the name of such a man as W. J. Potter for theological reasons, Collyer thought it was time to send a gentle hint down to Boston that we would not stand for that kind of thing. "Yes, a gentle hint—as gentle as the kick of a horse," but still he was enjoyed and claimed by both sides to the end.

How can I better show you this man? How can we feel his power and his presence? One fair angle from

which Robert Collyer can always be understood is the angle of literature. He was a poet though he dealt but meagerly in rhyme.

He tells of the early penny he had to spend. He looked in a candy shop window and saw some candy which he wanted; also the story of Dick Whittington and his Cat, a book which he coveted. Either one could be bought for a penny and the little chap decided in favor of Dick Whittington. In after life he tells that he never went to London without looking at the stone upon which Dick sat on his way to London.

Mr. Collyer was a voracious reader and an insatiable book lover. He said that his first lady love must have been of fine quality or she would have dismissed him, because he always went to call on her carrying a book in his pocket. Sam, his son, who carried his lunch to the blacksmith shop, tells how he saw him blowing the bellows with one hand and in the other holding a book. He early became a collector of books. He gloried in his library and said pathetically in one of his letters, "I buy no more books, for I sell none and there is no more room in my library." But he read largely, not for instruction, not for sermons, not for lectures, but for his own joy, satisfaction and spiritual comfort. The most permanent contribution probably which he has given to literature is his volume of lectures which John Haynes Holmes selected after his death. "Clear Grit" was the lecture by which he largely built his house. Then follows his lectures on Cathedrals, Westminster Abbey, The Pilgrims, The Human George Washington, The Human Heart of Martin Luther, Some Old Unitarian Worthies, Theophilus Lindsey, Channing, Martineau, Burns, Charles and Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's Genius and Humor, Hawthorne, Whittier and Thoreau. He was among his friends when he was among these. He wrote his lectures from the inside and he touched them always with the dainty skill of a literary man.

In the first page or two of his lecture on Whittier he raves over the beautiful given name, "John Greenleaf," and he takes us out among the leaves and the grasses for his rhapsody. He touches off Hawthorne in an epigram, "Hawthorne is the Hamlet of the American mind." No man in English has more surely touched the heart of Robert Burns. If you are not already in love with Mary and Charles Lamb, unless you do not want to become so, do not read Collyer's lecture on them, so clear is his appreciation and so spiritual is his insight.

As Collyer became known, university honor came to him. One of his titles was given by the University of Leeds, Litt. D., and there were processions and university robes and caps and gowns and feasts galore. Late in life Meadville followed with a D. D., which did not do him much good; it came too late, he did not need it.

I have said he was not a leader; he could scarcely be called a reformer, but he was big enough to recognize all advance. When John Haynes Holmes took into his pulpit fresh studies of new ways of solving old difficulties he startled the New York Church with his economic theories, his championing of socialism, and pacifism, etc. There were those who talked about quitting, "cutting off their subscriptions" and staying out. Robert Collyer bore with him and said nothing Sunday after Sunday until finally Holmes undertook to explain his theories to Collyer and plead with him to understand him. Mr. Collyer said, "No, lad, I do not understand. I don't know; but if you do, go ahead and I will stand by you." A high achievement of the spirit was that. Here was a man who had not been able to keep up with the revolutionary social and economic philosophies of the day, but who was human enough to recognize the present needs and noble equipment of men like Savage and Holmes who on many lines had begun where he had left off.

What shall we say of Robert Collyer? What Holmes has so well stated. His was a radiant personality; he was a man who lived in the sunshine and absorbed it. He had incarnated into his make-up the power to cheer. The soldier boy whom he once comforted, when dying on the Pacific Coast asked that the photograph of Robert Collyer should be pinned on the curtain of the window in the hospital where his dying eyes could rest upon it.

The text he chose for the first sermon preached in a Unitarian pulpit was, "The Lord God is a sun to them that walk uprightly." On his way home he remembered that he had forgotten the best portion of the sermon and had given only the first and last parts, but the instinct that led him to the text is the most significant thing, "The Lord God is a sun to them that walk uprightly." He recoiled from the Methodist revivalist when he pictured the tortures of hell after the manner of Billy Sunday.

On a steamboat going down the Mississippi River on the way to the Fort Donelson battlefield, the preachers held a prayer meeting and Moody said, "We are going down there to save the souls of those sufferers and fit them for 'glory in another world.' Collyer rose and said, "No, Brother Moody, we are going down there not to save the souls of our soldiers, but to save their lives and leave their souls in the hands of God."

That was characteristic of him. He was a man of convictions. The pastor of the Unitarian Church in Ithaca remembers that on a stately college occasion Collyer was handed a hymn to read before the choir sang it. He began and read the first and into the second verses when he found himself floundering in the to him unspeakable theology. He turned to the choir and said, "I cannot read this hymn, but if you want to sing it, sing away."

I first saw Robert Collyer at a Western Conference in Cleveland, my graduation week in 1870, and I first heard him in an address at the morning conference meeting. I will never forget that mingling of reverence and defiance, of almost humorous sympathy and radical independence when he said, "My old friends of the Methodist Church keep a'comin' to me and a' comin' to me, asking if I still believe in the Lord Jesus Christ until I have to say to them, yes, if you let me alone."

Mr. Collyer had grim and gloomy memories of the miserable bell that used to ring him up at half-past five in the morning that he might be at his spindles at six o'clock. After he became a popular man and prosperous preacher in America he learned that the city of Leeds needed the water that heretofore turned the machinery of the cotton mill in the neighborhood. The mill-dam was to be abandoned and the work dis-

continued. He wrote to the City Council of Leeds asking them to send him a piece of the old bell as a memento, that he might use it as a paper weight or something. He wanted to look at it and "swear" at it whenever he felt like it—I mean of course in preacher fashion. But to his surprise instead of a piece of the bell the common council sent the whole bell, charges prepaid. The good wife was distressed. What could she do with it? He wanted to make it a sort of dinner bell, using a muffled hammer. One time at Cornell he said to President Adams, "I have an old bell that used to ring me up at five o'clock in the morning. I am going to send it to you if you can make something of it." He sent it and in due time President Adams wrote, "We have the bell installed over the machine shop. It will always ring the call for the mechanics, but it has not yet been rung and we want you to come down and give it the first ring." He went and gave the dedicatory word, but I think he lied a little when he said that the bell had been regenerated and that now its sounds were sweet, because I have heard it myself and it is the same harsh clanging bell it ever was.

When the great fire worked its havoc and mischief in Chicago the boys of Cornell said to the Chicago preacher, "We have a thousand dollars to help rebuild the church if you will send us one horseshoe of your own make." He had not made a horseshoe for thirty years, was a little nervous about it but wanted to earn the $1000. A neighboring blacksmith gave him right of way, he made the shoe, had his name stamped on it, testified to by a notary and forthwith came back the $1000 and fifty additional. He said the horseshoe was a good one but it does not seem to me to be a very good piece of work. I have seen it. Anyhow it was such a shoe as a heavy draft horse would wear and not a shoe that I would have put on the feet of my "Jess." It was big and clumsy but it gave him the $1000 and it was well worth the $1000 to the boys and to the university.

When Dr. Bellows met Collyer on the street just after his visit to England, he said, "I know now where you get your outfit. I saw your mother at Leeds." And when you see the picture of the old lady in this book you will see that Robert was a chip of the old block.

There ought to be a word said as to what is the Robert Collyer lesson for Chicago. It is a gruesome one, friends. My own life and recollections run parallel with the story of Robert Collyer for the last forty-two years of his life. Our lines often crossed during the last ten years of his pastorate in Chicago and I saw much and felt more of the workings of his spirit. Chicago has not stoned its prophets but it has been diligent in starving them, not physically—though often granting them reluctant and inadequate salaries, but more often starving them spiritually. O the long and splendid lines of leaders of the churches, teachers of religion, prophets of the soul that have been frozen out of Chicago. Robert Collyer was one of them.

The late Brooke Herford, starved again in heart in Chicago, saw his audiences dwindling while he preached sermons which later in Boston filled the leading Unitarian church to its capacity with men and women eager to hear him. When his Chicago brethren found that the great church in Boston wanted Brooke Herford they gave him and his wife banquets; they presented the wife with a gold watch and wept because of their going. "We will miss you so much!" they said. "The beggars!" exclaimed the frank Saxon Mr. Herford, "why did they not say that before. I did not want to go!"

Think of the Unitarian notables that were frozen out of Chicago: Rush Shippen, Carleton Staples, Minot J. Savage, E. P. Powell, W. W. Fenn, the two Collyers and there were others.

The story of Chicago's starving of her prophets and fitful support of her spiritual altars is not peculiar to the Unitarians. All the denominations of Chicago have been impoverished over and over again by their contributions to the more potent pulpits to the eastward. Perhaps it is my own stolidity and indifference to "success" that has kept me here. One thing is sure, I have outlived four or five generations of ministers in all the adjoining pulpits. It makes me sad to think of the brave, kind and wise men whose fellowship I miss: Dr. Thomas Hall, Dr. Merrill, Dr. Lorimor and the many more.

But let us turn once more to Robert Collyer. Who can analyze such a character or catalogue its powers? Mr. Holmes has done a good piece of work. His introduction and conclusion to the story of Robert Collyer shows a man of insight, reinforced with intimate knowledge. The outward story of Robert Collyer is easily told. Our preacher was nothing if he was not always autobiographical. Wife, babies, servants, nearest neighbors, Yorkshire hills, the heather, the heath hen and the bird on its nest, were all at his fingers' end when he came to his sermon and they were liable to be drafted into his service at most unexpected times and in unlooked for ways.

But Robert Collyer was not all a mystery. In him was the power of a cheerful faith made manifest and this is transmitable. He taught by contagion. His gospel was infectious. Thank heaven there are other things than smallpox and fevers that are catching. He was persuaded that the trend of things was towards justice, that the balances of the universe are poised to righteousness and that the ultimate triumphs are, for those who work for peace and not for war, for love and not hate. Listen for a moment to his own words. He said:

> We read the books or hear the discourses of those who are forever looking in toward the shadows,—but there is no rest in them, or help in trouble, or light, or joy. We seek bread and find a stone; break the egg, and it holds a scorpion. We do not take such things to our sick that they may be healed, or pick the kernel out of them for our children. We know where to find the helpful things in the words of those who have seen the light strike through the mystery, and take these for the need we all strike soon or late. The men and women who stand in the front rank of our religious teachers and thinkers—not to sects alone but to the nations—are those always who look out toward the light and hold it in their hearts. Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Channing, Parker, Bellows, Beecher, Clarke, and a host besides, to speak only of the noble dead, —it is one golden chain from Alpha to Omega. The words which bring their own benediction come home to us from those who have stood in the holy place and seen the light strike through, to find this as the last great word: God is light, and in him is no darkness at all; and God is love.

Although Robert Collyer left us but few verses he

was always a poet and only a poet can interpret him. Sang John Chadwick to him on his seventieth birthday:

What is the secret? If you can, impart
Your cheery gospel of the trusting heart.
But, if 'tis not transferable, why, then,
No whit the less we bring a glad amen,
Glad that you, somehow, know the blessed art.

There are two fountains, one of tears, and one
Of wholesome laughter; and they play and run
Anear each other. You to both have gone
And drunk your fill, and then have led us on
To where they gleam and ripple in the sun.

. . . . . .

You are so human: here's the central fact
Of which your life and speech are all compact.
All things that touch the simple, common heart,
These have you chosen,—these, the better part.—
You are so human,—feeling, thought, and act.

And yet the other things you know so well,
And love almost as much: the wondrous spell
That nature weaves in grasses, trees, and flowers;
The doings of the busy, tireless hours;
What the birds know and what they sometimes tell.

Friends! this radiant faith will serve us as it served him. It kept him sweet and vigorous and hopeful in the smithy. This radiant faith made him a willing servant of the poor, enabled him to carry to his own home an abandoned woman from the red light district, to have his wife nurse her back to health and then to see her return to her old life without losing his own faith. Robert Collyer stood for a cheerful faith.

Oh, Chicago is yet to realize that the real wealth of the city, as of individuals, lies in the intangible things it possesses; its stock of ideals, its courage, its poetry and art, music,—call them what you will. But even they fall to the ground, are as apples of Sodom pleasing to the eye but bitter ashes to the taste, unless they are rooted in the infinite, unless they are related to the universe, unless they are interpreted in terms of the spiritual life, which emphasizes the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. This is why we do well in ringing the changes on this heart-cultured man, this stalwart blacksmith, the prophet of the United States, this messenger of the Nineteenth Century, beloved of all his colleagues, the salt that still is the savor of life in this town.

I have no right to take your time or waste my opportunity in simply pronouncing an eulogy on Robert Collyer,—ragged and imperfect as an extempore address like this must be. His twelve books will inspire you, this two-volume biography is at your hand but unless I can use the name of Robert Collyer to conjure by this morning in the interest of the deathless things he glorified, I have wasted my opportunity.

Our neighboring churches are busy with far-reaching plans to bring here next March Billy Sunday who they hope will awaken the spiritual forces of Chicago. I will welcome him though I dispise the crudeness of his philosophy, the groseness of his methods. But have we, co-heirs with Robert Collyer of the forces of Chicago, no note to sound finer and higher than the sulphuric extravagance of Billy Sunday? Have we no chords to touch that will revive the city along lines more lasting and far reaching than his crude theology and coarse rhetoric can ever do? Has Chicago outlived its prophetic age? Call the roll of our own household: Robert Collyer, David Swing, Hiram W. Thomas, Dr. Ryder,—to go no farther. These men in their day and generation stood at the center of Chicago life. They were banner bearers in the interest of brotherhood. No good things in the way of civic, social or educational reform and progress can be mentioned but what these men were in evidence at the head of the column.

They are all gone! Where now are the spiritual leaders of Chicago? Are there no more banner bearers of the Gospel of human brotherhood unrimmed by creed or nationality? Where are the occupants Chicago designed for the empty seats that confront most of the preachers of Chicago? The seats that are filled, feel very lonely; are they held by those who come to listen to the sweet harmonies of love, the high melodies of brotherhood, the divine charities and benign mercies that ameliorate the harshness, neutralize the inhospitalities and utilize the forces that endure?

Chicago is sick today with the sickness that has ever infected the courage of its would be prophets and poets. What are the opiates that weaken mother hearts and sister prayers? The women of Chicago, are they devoting themselves collectively, co-operatively to those things that tend to obliterate lines, to minimize crime and vice not only of the back alley but around our own hearths? How can we utilize the luxuries of the boulevards and remove the indolences of the lake shore drives.

May God help us to get a lesson from this "Preacher in the sunshine" as I have called him. But he was more than sunshine, he reflected a radiance which he himself only partially interpreted either by his life or by his word, splendid as these were.

Father, may thy comfort stream through our lives, thy love find expression in our loves that we may evermore be in the light and for the right. Amen.

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,
Friendship never owns decay;
For 'mid old friends, kind and true,
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas! old friends must die;
New friends must their place supply,
Then cherish friendship in your breast;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

AT LAST.

Don't grumble too hard at knocks, my lad,
But use 'em along the way,
To make you into the sort of man,
We need in the world to-day,—

Looking ever a little higher,
Steadily marching along,
With a sturdy sort of 'a whistle,
Or just a rollicking song,

When the rough winds blow, and the clouds hang low,
And the knocks come thick and fast,
Because he's vowed in the soul of him,
He'd get to the top at last.

Don't grumble too hard at knocks, my lad;
Spend your time in being a man;
For no one is ever a failure,
Who's doing the best he can.

—*L. D. Stearns.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

CIGARETTES AFFECT CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

Soldiers have been the subjects of many experiments since the beginning of the present world war, and in almost nearly every instance interesting observations have been made by scientists. The latest has to do with the effects of the use of cigarettes, alias "coffin nails." A carefully controlled investigation, carried out on healthy men and on men suffering from "soldier's heart" gave the following conclusions:

"1. The immediate effect of cigarette smoking upon the circulatory system and upon the breathlessness of exertion was observed in thirty smokers of whom twenty were men affected with 'soldier's heart' and ten were healthy soldiers. Each subject smoked either four or five cigarettes during a period of 40 minutes.

"2. A demonstration effect was recorded in 17 of the 20 patients; the three unaffected were noninhalers. Nine of the ten controls, all inhalers, were influenced in the same fashion, though not to the same degree.

"3. The average pulse rate among the patients during smoking was nine beats higher than before smoking; in the healthy controls it was six higher. Initial slowing of the heart was never observed, nor any irregularity referable to smoking.

"5. The average systolic blood pressure was raised by 5-10 mm. Hg. and the diastolic by 5 mm., both in patients and controls.

"6. These effects appeared within five minutes; with the first cigarette they almost reached the maximum, and this was maintained throughout the smoking period.

"7. A simple exertion test was performed before smoking and repeated on its cessation. In the patients the pulse rate maintained a higher level throughout the test after smoking, and half of them were more breathless, both subjectively and objectively. In two patients praecordial pain was induced by smoking, apart from exertion. But in the controls the pulse rate curve during exertion was much the same after smoking as before, and breathlessness was induced in two only.

"8. These observations show that in health the smoking of a single cigarette by an habitual smoker usually raises the pulse rate and blood pressure perceptibly, and these effects are a little more pronounced in cases of 'soldier's heart.'

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